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## PROGRESS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Take the spade of Perseverance,  
Dig the field of Progress wide;  
Every rotten root of faction  
Hurry out and cast aside;  
Every stubborn weed of Error;  
Every seed that hurts the soil;  
Tares, whose very growth is terror—  
Dig them out where the toil!

Give the stream of Education  
Broader channel, bolder force;  
Hurl the stones of Persecution  
Out where'er they block its course;  
Seek for strength in self-exertion;  
Work, and still have faith to wait;  
Close the crooked gate to fortune,  
Make the road to honor straight!

Men are agents for the Future!  
As they work so ages win  
Either harvest of advancement  
Or the products of their sin!  
Follow out true Cultivation,  
Widen Education's plan;  
From the Majesty of Nature  
Teach the Majesty of Man!

Take the spade of Perseverance,  
Dig the field of Progress wide;  
Every bar to true instruction  
Carry out and cast aside;  
Feed the Plant whose fruit is Wisdom;  
Cleave from crime the common sod;  
So that from the Throne of Heaven  
It may bear the Glance of God.

## For Mother Sexton's Album.

THE ABSENT.

Of all the exercises of the unfettered mind, perhaps none is attended with a more benign influence than that of indulging in a kind remembrance of the absent. Every living word that fell from the lips is treasured with tenderness. Each kind act is recalled with affection. We look forward to meeting with unbounded happiness. Have we parted in anger? Time softens us into indifference, and at length into a quiet acknowledgment of past friendship. Have we parted in silence and estrangement? This, too, wears away, and we meet again to forget the past in future communions. Have we parted in grief? The sorrow is mutually borne and tenderly consigned to some corner of the heart devoted to the absent sharer. Have we parted in love? No joy so great as the remembrance of it; no event so delightful as re-union. Have we been parted by death? Oh! the affection that travels with the flow spirit to its home in the realms of light! The changed but ever increasing sacredness of the love that bound us on earth is now freed from its alloy, while the unfettered spirit hovers near to watch over us, and bear the incense of truthful and purified affection on the wings of enduring love. Though absent from sight, the spirit lingers near, and now mingles in the holy office of a ministering angel, whose sweet influence is like the gentle dew upon the fragrant flower, which exhales a perfume unseen, but ever grateful to the perception of the inborn spirit. "Absent but not forgotten," is a sweet and touching memorial. Though tears mingled in our cup of separation, love, pure, holy, Christian love, such as entwines together the heart of mother and child, hallowed the scene, and burnished bright the hope of re-union in graveless, lessens climbs beyond the "pearly gates."

"Bless God for tears when comes the hour  
With those we love, to part,  
That little word, 'good bye,' with grief  
Can weigh the lightest heart.  
But oh! within each single tear,  
There is a mighty power,  
As soothing to the troubled heart,  
As dewdrops to the flower."

Fare thee well; and when in after life your eye  
shall fall upon this page, remember kindly, are  
affectionately, the absent one, whose name is here  
appended.

MOLLIE K.

Wilmington, Mo., August 24, 1857.

## Trouble Kills.

The secret sorrow of the mind, a sorrow which must be kept; how it wiles away the man, himself all unconscious meanwhile of its murderous effect. He cannot feel that he is approaching death, because he is sensible of no pain; in fact, he has no feeling, but an indescribable sensation perceived about the physical heart. Lord Raglan, commander-in-chief of the British army before Sebastopol, the bosom friend of the Duke of Wellington for forty years, of whom partial friends have often said, "his character seemed without a flaw," such a man died, figuratively, of a broken heart. In a moment, almost, trouble came like a whirlwind, avalanche followed avalanche in such quick succession, that no time was left for the torn spirit to rise above its wounds. The British Government, quailing before popular clamor, left the brave old man to bear the brunt alone, because it could not afford to recall him, and yet had not the courage to sustain him. While the tone of official communications deprived him of his sleep, weighed heavily upon him, and broke his gallant spirit, the failure at the Redan closely followed. On reaching headquarters, a letter was in waiting which announced the death of the last surviving member of a large family of brothers and sisters; the next day the death of a general, his old companion in arms. Next came the news that the gallant son of Lord Lyons was sinking under his wounds. These things, coming so rapidly one after another, in the course of a few hours, as it were, caused such a change in his appearance, all unknown to himself, however, that his physician had to request him to take his bed, and within forty-eight hours he died, without supposing himself to be in any danger whatever.

Within a year a worthy lady in Ohio sickened in consequence of some wholly groundless rumors affecting her character in the community into which she had recently moved. She knew they were groundless, and knew the motives of the miserable wretches who originated them; but her delicate and sensitive spirit shrunk before the shock, retreated within itself, and all torn and bleeding she died!

Within a few months, a most excellent clergyman found the feelings of his people so generally against him, that he resigned his office. The resignation was accepted; but all under such circumstances that it was really a dismissal, and that, too, for causes which ought to have made every member of the community stand up to him like a man. Conscious of his integrity, and feeling that he had been badly dealt with, his sensibilities received a shock which carried him to a premature grave in a few days.

"You are worse than you should be from the fever you have. Is your mind at ease?" said a quick-sighted physician to a sleepless, wasting patient. "No, it is not," was the frank reply, and the last recorded words of Oliver Goldsmith, whose *Year of Wakefield* and *The Deserted Village*

lage will only die with the English language. He died at the age of forty-six, of a malady of the mind, from blasted hopes and unkind speeches of the world around him. He was a man whose heart was large enough and kind enough to have made a whole world happy, whose troubles arose from his humanity; yet the base things said of him, so undeserved, so malignant and untrue, "broke his heart."

In view of these facts, let parents early impress on the minds of children—it is not what they are charged with, but what they are guilty of, that should occasion trouble or remorse; that a carping word should not blanch the cheek or break the spirit, so long as there is conscious rectitude within.

And let all learn, what the commonest humanity dictates, to speak no word, write no line, do no deed, which would wound the feelings of any human creature, unless under a sense of duty, and even then let it be wisely and long considered.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

From the American Messenger.

## Saving a Soul from Death.

May we commend the following to all those who feel an interest in trying to do good:

"He that converteth the sinner from the error of his way," says the apostle James, "shall save a soul from death."

Would you save a soul from death? God gives you the privilege, and rolls upon you the responsibility. If there is one sinner for whose salvation you feel solicitous, and if there is not, there must be a fearful shade over your hope of heaven—you may be blessed in leading that soul to Christ.

How much God has said to encourage you. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him," not the minister or the influential Christian exclusively, but "he"—any one. "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty." Not by might nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord.

How much God has done to encourage you! He employed a little maiden captive to heal and convert the great Assyrian General; the trembling sister of Moses to introduce him to the Egyptian court. He made poor fishermen the pillars of his Church.

Within a year a little child five years old has been instrumental in the conversion of an aged sinner of almost fourscore, who had not visited the sanctuary for twenty years, simply by asking, on a Sabbath morning, "Grandpa, don't you go to church?"

Are you ignorant? "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise." Do you remember the aged infidel who had resisted all arguments from books and pulpits, but was finally subdued by hearing the prayer of his own poor slave?

Are you young? I could tell you of a daughter of fifteen who embraced the Savior in a family where father, mother, six brothers and sisters were all impenitent, and the father a bitter opposer. For weeks she meekly endured the derision of the whole family, but at length God heard her prayer, and that wicked father and every other member of the family were hopefully converted to God.

Do you still doubt, and say with Moses, "I am not eloquent." All the eloquence you need is a heart of faith and love. Look in with me upon the dying mother in yonder cottage. You hear her say, "Now, Lord, lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation. My work is done. I have not another thing to ask." She has a posterity of eighty-three souls, and every one of them over ten years of age is hopefully a Christian. I knew her when she was the only professor in the whole circle, and her heart was rent by having an intemperate husband; yet she lived to see them all converted, and mainly through her influence. She could not speak for Christ; but she could live for him, and die for him, and here was eloquence. I know it well, for that mother was my mother. At her knee I learned my infant prayer, and at her feet in glory I would love to sit. Many a weary day she wept in tears, but she was reaping in joy. Dear friend, lay aside all fears and excuses. By the grace of God you need not be saved alone. You may bring sheaves with you.

Do you ask, "How shall I save a soul from death?" I answer:

1. Let your own soul be deeply imbued with its importance. Seek a baptism from heaven. Let the fire of divine love be kindled in your bosom. Roll up the curtain, and look in upon that vast eternity where you and these perishing souls will soon appear. Then make it your settled aim to guide these souls to Christ.

2. Consider your work. Every one has an appropriate sphere. Who are about you over whom you can exert an influence? "When the wall of Jerusalem was to be built," every one built over against his own house." So in the Spiritual Jerusalem, God has set men in families, and established the strong bond of social affection, that one may save another. "What knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband?" Consider in what way your impotent friend may be influenced; by entreaty, argument, a silent tear, an appropriate tract, or persuasion to the house of God. Having surveyed the field, and fixed upon the individuals for whom God in his providence calls you to labor.

3. Fix your heart upon, and direct your efforts to their conversion. Do not aim merely to instruct, to correct an error, to produce an emotion or a tear, but, by divine aid, to convert. Count nothing done till your friend is born of the Spirit. Indeed, injury is oftentimes done to the soul by alarming, and then leaving it to sink into a state of indifference.

4. Equip yourself for the work. Select and mark appropriate passages of scripture. Lay in a store of appropriate tracts. Gather up the history of the individuals for whom you would labor, and relate as many instances of awakening and conversion as you can.

5. Enter calmly, but earnestly and perseveringly upon the work. Spread the case before God. Fervent, effectual prayer at every step is essential to your success. Bring forth your stores of truth adapted to the several conditions.

For the thoughtless, speak or write with great tenderness of their danger, ingratitude and guilt. Give them some such tract as Baxter's Call, Heaven Lost; The worth of the Soul; Forever; The Lost Soul; The Day of Trial.

And be sure to obtain from them a promise to read and reflect upon them. If you cannot gain this point at the first interview, try again, and press it with a heart overflowing with anxiety and love, and you may expect to succeed.

If your friend is already awakened, or when the spirit of God has rendered your efforts the means of awakening, endeavor to impress upon the conscience a deep sense of the wickedness of the heart, and the entire ruin in which the sinner is involved.

Tracts—Quench not the Spirit; The Great Alternative; Have me Excused; Eternal Life or Death.

Having brought your friends to this point,

"travel in birth till Christ is formed in them the hope of glory." Urge them to a full, unconditional surrender of themselves to Christ as a Prince and a Savior, to rule over them and save them, that they obey his precepts and trust in his grace.

Encourage them to throw themselves at his feet, with an humble, contrite spirit, and to lay hold on the hope set before them in the gospel. Direct them to such scriptures as the 51st Psalm, Luke 15, (Prodigal Son); and such tracts as The Door was Shut; What is it to Believe in Christ? Sinners directed to the Savior; The way to be saved; What must I do? The act of Faith; Come and welcome to Jesus Christ; Self-dedication to God.

In these latter stages, all desire for concealment is often overcome, and you may safely and advantageously call in the assistance of your pastor, or some experienced friend; but in the earlier stages, the more noiseless and unobserved your efforts, the greater the probability of success; and always, the more evident disinterested Christian love and tenderness, the easier will it be to find access to the heart. "Be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves." Avoid exciting unnecessary prejudice or hostility; but shrink from no faithful effort through fear of offending.

Dear Christian friend, will you make the effort? If so, delay not. Enter now upon it.

## Praise your Wife.

Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake give her a little encouragement, it won't hurt her. She has made your home comfortable, your hearth bright and shining, your food agreeable; for pity's sake tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have for these ten years; but it will do her good, and you too.

There are many women to-day thirsting for the word of praise, the language of encouragement. Through summer's heat and winter's toil they have drudged uncomplainingly, and so accustomed have their fathers, brothers and husbands become to their monotonous labors that they look for and upon them as they do the daily rising of the sun, and its daily going down. Homely every day life may be made beautiful by an appreciation of its very homeliness. You know that if the labor is clean manual labor has been performed to make it so. You know that if you take from your drawer a clean shirt whenever you want it, somebody's fingers have ached in the toil of making it so fresh and agreeable, so smooth and lustrous. Everything that pleases the eye and the sense has been produced by constant work, much thought, great care and untiring efforts, bodily and mentally.

It is not that many do not appreciate these things, and feel a flow of gratitude for the numberless attentions bestowed upon them in sickness and in health, but they are so selfish in that feeling. They don't come out with a hearty "why, how pleasant you make things look, wife," or, "I am obliged to you for taking so much pains." They thank the tailor for giving them "fits," they thank the man in the full omnibus who gives them a seat; they thank the young lady who moves along in the concert room; in short, they thank everybody and everything out of doors, because it is the custom, and come home, tip their chairs back and their heels up, pull out the newspaper, grumble if wife asks them to take the baby, scold if the fire has got down, or, if everything is just right, shut their mouths with a smack of satisfaction, but never say to her "I thank you."

I tell you what, men, young and old, if you did but show an ordinary civility towards those common articles of housekeeping, your wives, if you gave the one hundred and sixtieth part of the compliments you almost choked them with before they were married, if you looked them the badinage about whom you are going to have when number one is dead, (such things wives may laugh at, but they sink deep sometimes); if you would cease to speak of their faults, however bantering, before others, fewer women would seek for other sources of happiness than your cold, so-soish affection. Praise your wife, then, for all the good qualities she has, and you may rest assured that her deficiencies are fully counterbalanced by your own.

A JEST WORTH THE TELLING.—It is well known to our readers that there appeared in the *Sunday Times* some two months since, a very full report of General Walker's speech, delivered the previous evening on the Neutral Ground. The editor of a journal that shall be nameless, not having printers in his pay sufficient to set up material to fill his paper, called upon us a day or two afterwards, and asked us as a favor to loan him any of our undistributed matter that would occupy his unattended columns. We readily acceded to his request, and furnished him with General Walker's speech, and the Rev. Dr. Scott's article on the "Efficacy of Prayer," which he had been kind enough to send us from San Francisco.

By some strange accident, the political speech and the prayer became welded together in the columns of our contemporary, so that the readers were led to infer that General Walker, in the midst of his fiery address, became suddenly pious, and held forth in prayerful tones worthy of the Rev. Dr. Scott. The one was so beautifully dovetailed into the other, that any ordinary person might be easily deceived.

Yesterday morning we received, among our exchanges, a religious paper of great authority with a certain religious sect, which copies its readers with an editorial on the subject. The editor avows his conversion to Walker's Niagara doctrines, as he gathers from the hero's speech unmistakable evidence that the General's peculiar mission is to Protestantize Central America. This is not the first time that men have been supposed to sow with grape shot the seeds of the gospel.—*N. O. Sunday Times.*

TEA-TASTING.—The New York correspondent gives the following particulars of the effects of "tea-tasting" and sampling upon the constitutions of those engaged in the business:

"The death of a famous tea broker in this city lately, calls to mind the curious nature of this business. I wonder if any of your readers at the West know that their fastidiousness in the choice of the herb which cheers, but not inebriates, is the cause of the establishment of a profession called 'tea-tasting,' which is as certain death to a man as the continued practice of opium eating. The success of the tea broker or taster depends upon the trained accuracy of his nose and palate, his experience in the wants of the American market, and a keen business tact. If he has these qualities to high cultivation, he may make from \$20,000 to \$40,000 per annum while he lives, and die of ulceration of the lungs. He overhauls a cargo of tea, classifies it, and determines the value of each sort. In doing this, he first looks at the color of the leaf, and the general cleanliness of it. He next takes a quantity of the herb in his hand, and breathing his warm breath on it, sniffs up the fragrance. In doing this he draws into his lungs a quantity of irrita-

ting and stimulating dust, which is by no means wholesome. Then sitting down at the table in his office, on which is a long row of little porcelain cups and a pot of hot water, he 'draws' the tea and tastes the infusion. In this way he classifies the different sorts of the minutest shade, marks the different prices, and is then ready to compare his work with the invoice. The skill of the tasters is fairly marvelous, but the effect of the business on their health is, as I have said, ruinous. They grow lean, nervous and consumptive."

## Modern Egypt.

We take the following from a letter of the Rev. W. Butler, published in the *Boston Zion's Herald*. We have rarely met with a more graphic description:

"I shall never forget the Alexandria mosquitoes. In their line, they certainly excel their fellows all over the world. Oh, how they did 'pitch into' us the whole of that wakeful night! And then the drunken sailors under our windows kept up such a carousal and 'burrah,' to which their sober brethren, the donkeys, would, every now and then, give a response that would pass from one to the other until it seemed as if the struggle was which should do most to make Alexandria a bedlam! In my romantic ideas, I had imagined Egypt to be the land of silence. I had pictured the placid Sphinx solemnly watching the Nile as it lay beneath the noiseless atmosphere, but I rose up very early from my couch, disgusted with human nature, the mosquitoes, and the donkeys, for dispelling my beautiful illusion. I sallied out to see what was to be seen, but was met at the door of the hotel by a crowd of donkeys and donkey boys. Immediately there ensued a frightful battle, to see which should obtain possession of my person for a ride on his donkey. I attempted to get upon one, and then upon another, but it was of no use; the owners of the others pulled and scuffled until I feared they really would tear the clothes off my back; and all this was accompanied by the most dreadful din to which I ever listened. The jargon seemed to be composed of all languages, and the rate at which it was vociferated and their gesticulations were something which, once seen or heard, are never to be forgotten. I repeated my efforts to mount some one donkey or other, but again the eagerness of the rejected drivers baffled me, and the yelling seemed to rise higher and higher. At length, I found it was useless—my patience became utterly exhausted; my 'peace principles' gave way; and I found that to succeed I must fight. So I put on a fearful face, and with all the war-like aspect I could command, ordered the fellows to give way, and let me go—but it was like talking to a tempest. I then raised my stick, and began to lay round me, but the young rascals most adroitly would dodge every blow, suddenly jerking up the head of their donkey to receive the rap intended for themselves. I saw that this was cruel; but what could I do? I could move neither back nor forward; and I could only go with one of the whole party. But each of them was determined to have me. At length, with an effort that I thought rather 'herculean,' I pushed through the crowd to where a donkey was standing rather apart, and suddenly jumping upon him, I bolted off, and left my tormentors behind, the owner careered after me, in great glee that he had so unexpectedly secured me. I ordered him to guide me to 'Pompey's Pillars' (so called,) and 'Cleopatra's Needle,' and to the cemetery. The air was delightful, having that clear elasticity so often remarked upon. We came to Pompey's Pillar. I was disappointed. The only thing remarkable is the length of the shaft, which is all one piece. A lizard stood about half way up, looking calmly down upon us—the first living lizard I ever saw exactly in shape like a crocodile.

"Returning, we passed through the cemetery. And there were 'Egyptians mourning their dead' just as they did three thousand years ago. Each recent grave was surrounded by a group of mourners, crouching down around it; and their wail, uttered in a low, moaning voice, was distressing to listen to. The outer garment was drawn over the head like a hood, and gave each figure a sorrowful aspect. The whole scene was only like what I have witnessed among the Irish, at their wakes and funerals. I stood at a respectable distance surveying a group, and my sympathies were deeply moved when I thought where was the soul of the one for whom they wailed. An Egyptian grave looks very dark, the condition of the people bespeaks extreme ignorance, poverty, and uncleanly habits. Ophthalmia seems frightfully prevalent among them, and the number of blind people is very great. Those miseries are generally ascribed to the glare of the sun, the subtle dust, and the transition from the dry air to the moist vapors of the Nile. But it struck me that the cause ought to be ascribed to the total want of cleanliness and care which is characteristic of this wretched people. Take one fact: during my ride that morning, I passed a large number of babes carried about by their mothers, generally on the top of the shoulder, and I did not see one that had not a circle of those nasty dark flies, by which Egypt is plagued, round both the eyes of the poor little creatures. The persons carrying those babes, manifested no concern to drive them away. And so were those abominable flies, perhaps fresh from putrid carion, standing in a black circle round each eye, and sucking at the rims of each eyelid! No wonder they are physically as well as mentally blinded by the nation on earth.

"Having visited Cleopatra's Needle, covered with hieroglyphics to the top, I returned to breakfast, and we started for Cairo, at 10 A.M., the mails and specie having preceded us the night before. And how does the reader think we traveled? By the 'Nile Boat,' or on the camels or dromedaries' back? No such thing! What a utilitarian age is this! And what a people is this busy, energetic Anglo-Saxon race of ours! We were carried in a first class saloon railway carriage from Alexandria to Cairo in seven hours! A railway and telegraph in Egypt! Why, such an innovation in this 'land of stinking habits' as the shrill whistle of the locomotive rushing along, is almost enough to make the old mummified Pharaohs open their eyes with astonishment at the 'change that has come over the spirit of their dream!' But, thank God, it is an omen of what Anglo-Saxon mind and money and piety will yet effect over those venerable hindrances to human progress and those human religions which have crushed the souls of men for ages, in this and other parts of the world!

"As we rode along, (with the thermometer eighty-nine degrees, however, inside the carriage,) everything we saw was novel and interesting. Here were ancient customs still in vogue. The well, with its 'wheel' and its 'pitcher,' and the 'women drawing water.' The oxen plowing, or 'threshing out the corn' on their 'threshing floors.' Then there were the 'camels and asses,' just as in ancient time. We saw an 'ox and an ass yoked together,' and from the disgust we felt in looking at such an ill-sorted arrangement, we were immediately struck with the propriety of that law which forbade it to the Jewish people.

The women were veiled, and had their 'nose jewels' and 'bracelets' on them. Then, there were the 'palm trees,' looking so graceful. Everything (except the railways and the telegraph) looked as it must have looked when the feet of Abraham and Isaac trod the very soil over which we were rolling! No; I make a mistake! The natural objects remain the same, but what a change in the people and their social life! The 'palaces of Egypt' have vanished—their splendid temples are in the dust—the mosque and minaret rise over their ruins—their beautiful cities have decayed—their rich herdsman and farmers are paupers—the wisdom of the Egyptians is a departed glory, which no longer sheds a single ray over what is now 'a land of darkness and the shadow of death.'

## Congregational Singing.

Dr. Wayland is urging the Baptist churches to try anew their ancient practice of congregational singing. He says:

"Baptists formerly were universally opposed to the introduction of musical instruments into the house of God. We had neither choirs nor organs. Nothing but the voices of worshippers was heard in hymning the praises of God, and in this service every devout worshiper was expected to unite.

"I do not pretend that in this singing there was any artistic excellence. This is never needed in popular music, or that music which is intended to move a multitude of people. All national airs are simple, and they strike upon those chords which vibrate equally in the bosom of the common man and the amateur. When you hear a thousand Englishmen unite in the chorus of 'Rule Britannia,' or as many Americans join in singing 'Hail Columbia,' you forget everything about chords and discords, but you are deeply moved by the common feeling, and can hardly refrain from shouting from deep emotion. So in religious music. The tunes employed were perfectly adapted to religious sentiment, and blended the whole audience in one consciousness of solemn worship.

"But a change has come over us. The Episcopal Church always has approved of organs and the music of choirs. The Congregationalists imitated the Episcopalians, and we, of course, imitated the Congregationalists. We have organs in all our churches at the North, and they are now deemed essential in our small towns and villages, and even in the country. The organ requires an organist. The organist requires a leader and several other professional singers to constitute an appropriate choir. This involves heavy expense. The singers have a professional character at stake. They must perform in such a manner as to promote their own reputation. They select their own music—music in which the congregation cannot unite. The congregation listens in silence to a mere musical performance, precisely as the audience at a concert or an opera. The performers are not unfrequently the very persons who amuse the theater on the evening of the week, and the church of God on the Sabbath. I have known cases in which they had so little of the common respect for religion, that they have left the house of God as soon as their performance was ended. I know of a case in which the leader of a choir had conducted this part of what is intended to be the worship of God for several years, but who, during this whole period, as he confessed on his death-bed had never once heard a sermon.

"This great change has come over us somewhat gradually. We are partly overcome by the declamation of men who profess great knowledge of music, and who ridiculed what they were pleased to call our want of taste.

"I hope, however, that a reaction in this matter has commenced."

"I CAN'T GET ACQUAINTED WITH THE MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH."—So said a lady, who had recently been admitted by letter into the membership of a large church, to the pastor.

"I am very sorry, my sister," was the reply; "the members are generally considered quite friendly, and there is much pleasant social intercourse among them."

"But scarcely any of them speak to me, or seem to know me when I come to the church, or meet them in the street."

"Do you speak to them?"

"I do not like to speak first. It was so very different in the first church I joined."

"Where you passed the days of your childhood and youth, you were, of course, more widely known, and when you joined it, it was a more direct introduction to the Christian sympathies and affection of the church. Do you attend prayer-meetings?"

"No; I have not been yet."

"The best place to form acquaintances is at the prayer meetings. The Sabbath congregations are so large, and so many strangers attend, that members can scarcely become familiar with each other, if they meet only there. But if you are seen regularly at the prayer meeting, you will soon be recognized and welcomed. I hope you have visited the Sabbath School?"

"No. I should like to take a class, but I have been waiting for an invitation."

"My dear friend, do you not perceive that you are far more to blame for remaining a comparative stranger among us than the members of the church generally can be? You are waiting for advances to be made by those to whom you give scarcely an opportunity for friendly intercourse. You gave them no reason to think that you desire an acquaintanceship. Now, my advice to you is, attend the more familiar meetings of the church, manifest an interest in its spirituality and prosperity, kindly recognize any whom you know to be members, dispense with the worldly courtesy that requires a formal introduction to these disciples of Jesus, and then if they remain indifferent to you the blame will rest with them."

WORKING GIRLS.—Happy girls! who cannot love them? With cheeks like the roses, bright eyes, and elastic step, those girls will make excellent wives. Blessed indeed will those men be who secure such prizes. Contrast those who do nothing but sigh all day, and live to follow the fashions, who never earn the bread they eat, or the shoes they wear; who are languid and lazy from one week's end to the other. Who but a simpleton and popinjay would prefer one of the latter, if he were looking for a companion?

Give us the working girls: they are worth their weight in gold. You never see them mincing along, or jumping a dozen feet to steer clear of a spider or a fly; they have no affectation or silly airs about them. When they meet you, they speak without putting on a dozen silly airs, or trying to show off to better advantage; and you feel as if you were talking to a human being, and not to a painted automaton, or fallen angel.

If girls knew how badly they missed it while they endeavor to show off their delicate hands and unsold skins, and put on a thousand airs, they would give worlds for the situation of the working ladies, who are as far above them in intelligence, in honor, in everything, as the heavens are above the earth.

Be wise, then, you who have made fools of

yourselves through life. Turn over a new leaf, and begin, though late, to live and act as human beings, as companions to immortal man, and not as playthings and dolls. In no other way can you be happy and subvert the great end and design of your existence.—*Sunday School Visitor.*

## Microscopic Views.

If one wishes to behold wonders in little things, he has only to view them through a microscope. The smallest pebble or grain of sand examined through this instrument appears more like a vast rock, irregular and full of seams and crevices; the edge of the sharpest razor seems as broad as a cut of sheet iron, and as uneven and full of notches. A common thread appears more like the tail of some wild animal; and the finest lawn coarser than the yarn of which cable ropes are made. The most beautiful mezzotint appears rough and uneven, and wholly devoid of beauty, while a common wood engraving appears as coarse, ragged and irregular as if—excuse the expression—painted with a mixture of sand and tar. The most minute needle wire seems full of notches and furrows, and of sufficient dimensions to work into pickaxes and iron bars, while, on the other hand, the nearer and more closely we examine nature's handiwork, even in the most minute productions, the more polished and beautiful do they appear. The little specks on the wings and bodies of insects are found to be perfectly circular; and in the numberless species of insectile animals there is a profusion of coloring, from azure blue to vermilion red, from the splendor of gold to the brilliancy of diamonds, which is not only interesting, but sublimely grand and beautiful; and while their heads, wings and bodies are tinged with every possible color, they are magnificently embellished with an inimitable finishing of fringe and embroidery, outlying that which we anywhere else behold.

It is said the sting of a bee, seen through the microscope, exhibits everywhere the most beautiful polish, without the least flaw, blemish or inequality, and ends in a point too fine to be discerned; and a drop of the purest water is found to contain thousands of animals of life and motion, exhibiting every possible form and appearance. And we might thus enumerate discoveries innumerable of created objects and things which, without the aid of optical instruments of art, would be unthought of and unknown, although coeval with the universe.—*Boston Cultivator.*

## Monument to the Pilgrims.

The erection of a monument at Plymouth, Mass., in commemoration of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, is in contemplation by the people of New England. We copy the following on the subject from the *Advocate and Journal*:

"A Boston correspondent of the *New York Post* gives some information respecting the monument which it is proposed to erect at Plymouth, Mass., in commemoration of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. Mr. Billings of Boston, well known as one of our best designers, offered a model, which has been accepted, and is spoken of in enthusiastic terms. The monument is to be colossal, worthy to commemorate an event so national, and world-wide, even, in its consequences. The correspondent of the *Post* thus describes it: 'The statue is to be of granite; for marble would not stand the rigors of the inhospitable climate that the pilgrims had to face, and bronze would be too expensive; besides, no bronze figure of the magnitude of Billings' Faith has ever been erected; the great statue of Bavaria, at Munich, the largest bronze statue in the world, is only thirty-five feet high, I believe. The salient features of Billings' plan are an octagonal pedestal, eighty feet high, with four sitting figures upon four low buttresses, projecting slightly from as many sides, and a great statue of Faith seventy feet in height, standing upon the top of a pedestal. In her left hand, which hangs by her side, she holds an open Bible; the right arm is raised, and the finger points toward heaven, while the face of the figure is turned gracefully and benignly downward. The four sitting figures represent Morality, Education, Law and Liberty; the two former female figures, the others male.' The venerable Josiah Quincy says of it: 'It seems to embrace everything that piety, patriotism, and veneration could desire. It is worthy of the taste of the period, and of the genius that conceived it.' The States of Massachusetts and Connecticut have each directed the payment out of their treasuries of three thousand dollars toward it; and doubtless private liberality will soon give the project effective support."

BALLOON TRAVELING IN ENGLAND.—A voyage of two hundred and fifty miles has been accomplished in the short space of five hours by a professional aeronaut, who, with two amateurs, started from North Woolwich, near London, and terminated their aerial trip at Tavistock, on the Cornish coast. The travelers crossed the southern part of the big village, and then must have steered due west. There was a fine moon shining at the time, and as the daylight broke on them, they heard the sound of channel surf, and found themselves, in nautical phraseology, hugging the coast, and going along at a considerable speed. The river Exe was crossed over Star-cross station, between Exeter and Exmouth; Dartmoor was traversed near the prison, when Mr. Coxwell, finding that a fresh wind prevailed in the lower current, determined to avail himself of the shelter afforded by the hills, and descended, therefore, in a valley about three miles from Tavistock, where a suitable meadow presented a good landing place. It was some time before the particulars of the journey obtained credence. At Newton the balloon was declared to be the comet; but the railway guard stopped the panic by declaring the aerial visitor to be Mr. Coxwell's balloon.

QUAINT IDEA OF PLEASURE IN HEAVEN.—Jeremy Taylor, speaking of the widow of a blacksmith who was constantly laboring to procure the necessities of life, thus beautifully but quaintly portrays her character:

"Thus she lived, poor, patient and resigned. Her heart was a passion-flower, bearing within it the crown of thorns and the cross of Christ. Her ideas of Heaven were few and simple. She rejected the doctrine that it was the place of constant activity, and not of repose, and believed that when she at length reached it, she should work no more, but sit always in a clean white apron and sing psalms."